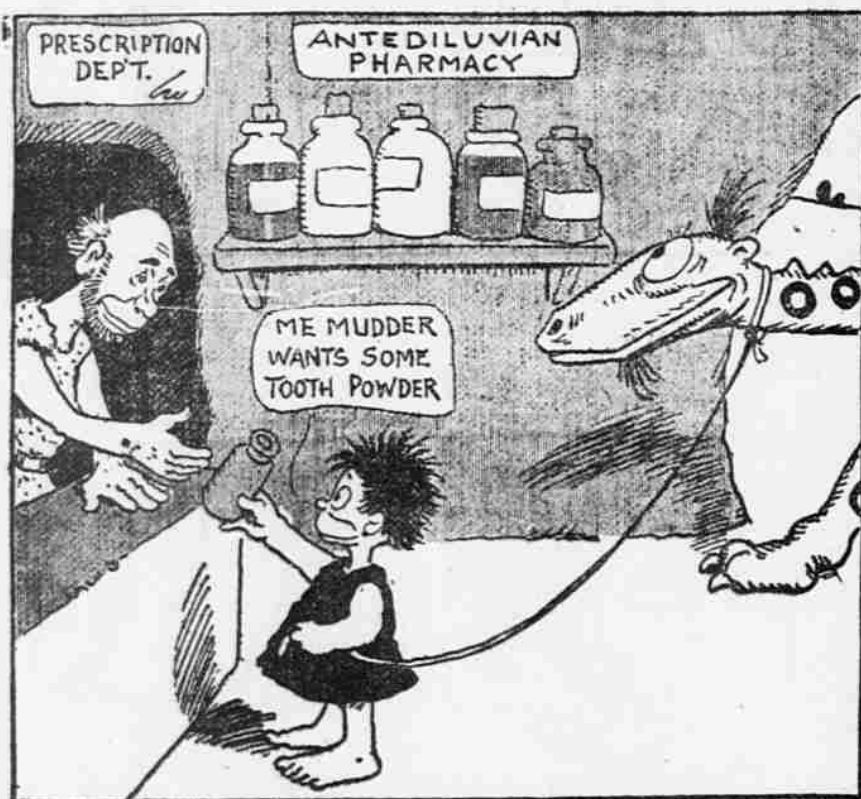


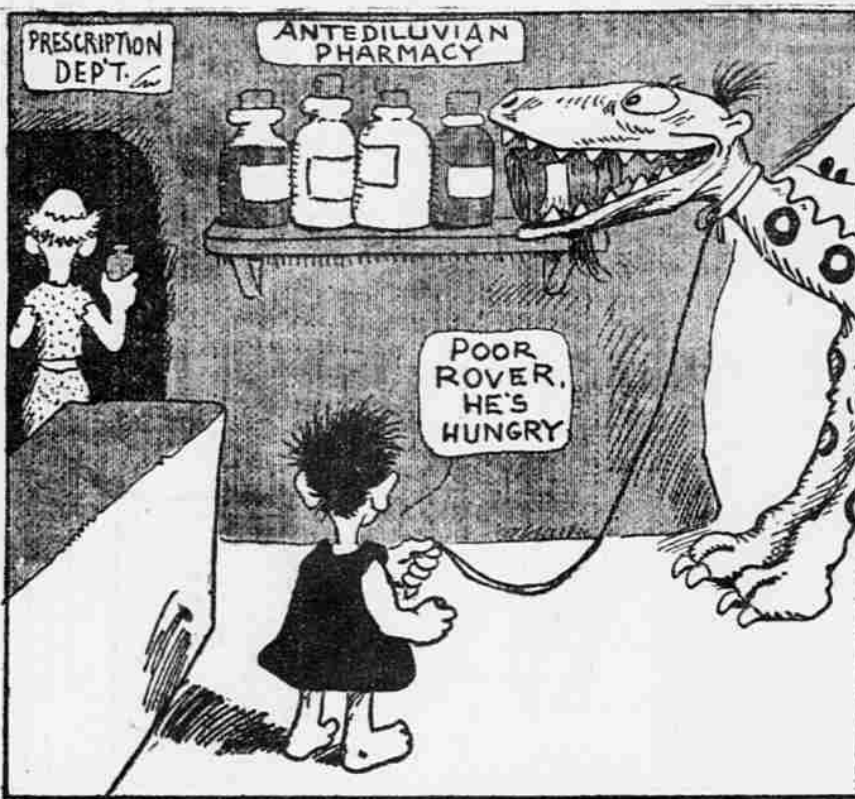
OUR ANTEDILUVIAN ANCESTORS

Some More About Johnny Skin-clothes and His Dinosaur.

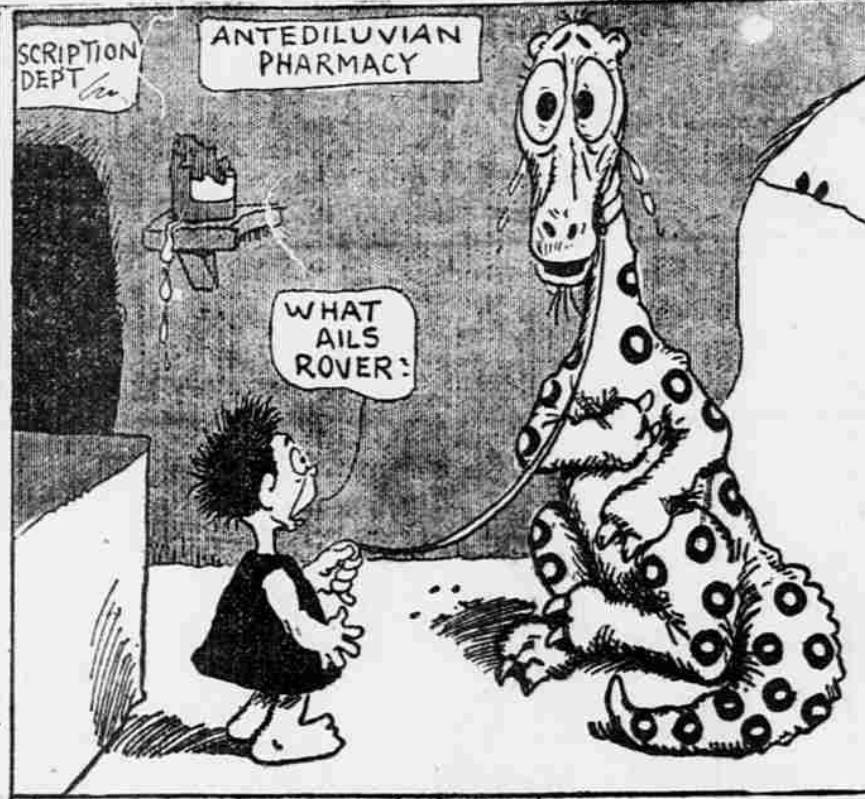
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1. Johnny to a drug store Took his Dinosaur one night.



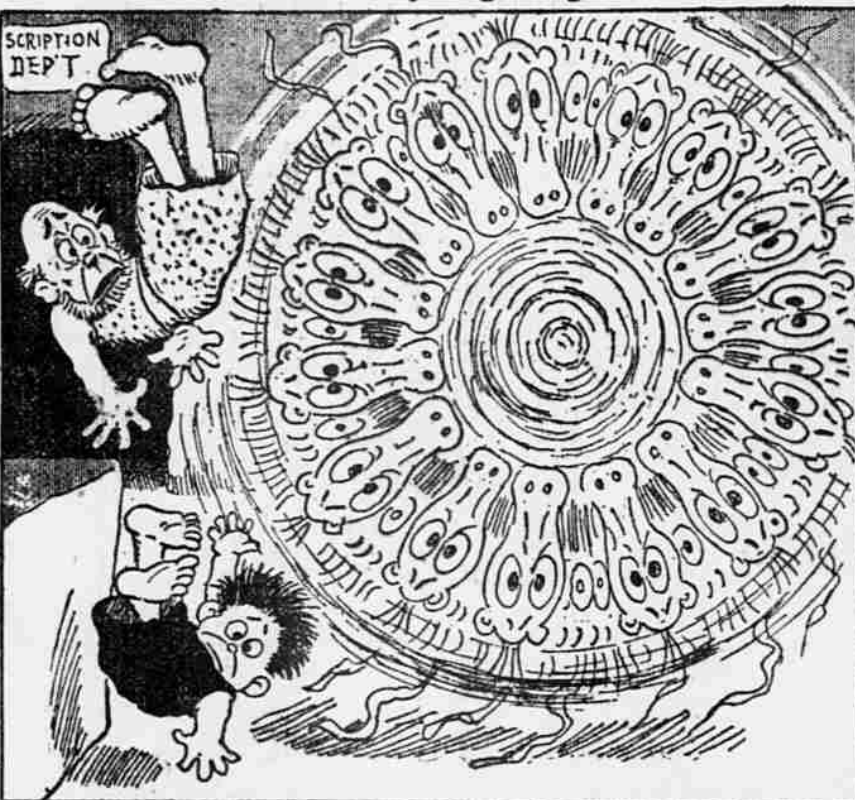
2. The Dinosaur, as usual, Ate everything in sight.



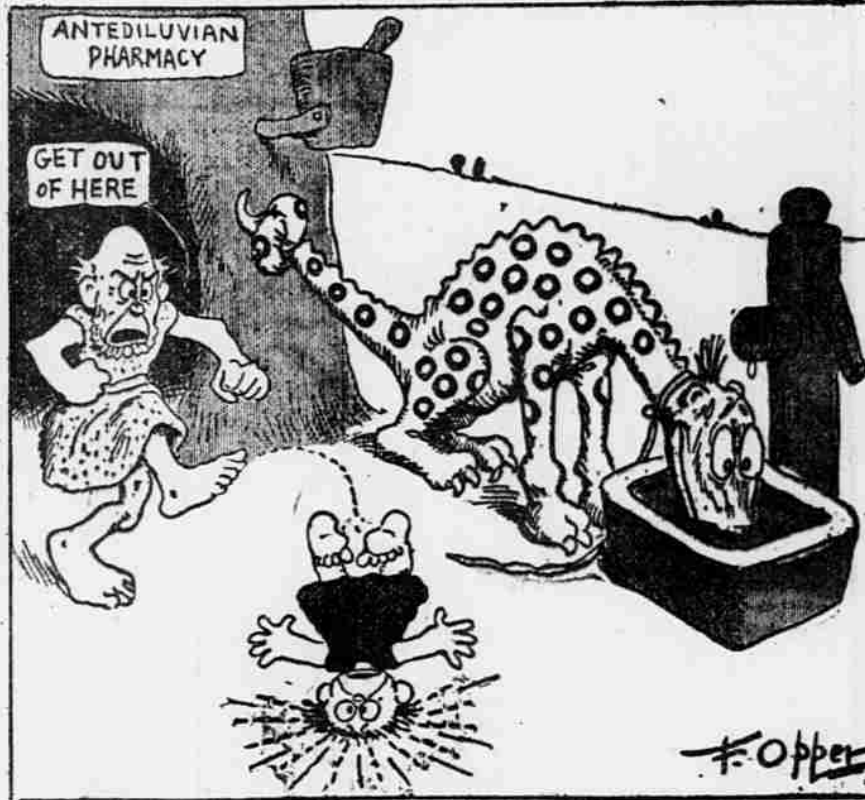
3. When he had filled his tummy With all that he could see,



4. That foolish Dinosaur Was sore as he could be.



5. This story, gentle reader, Has a moral, short and plain—



6. Never eat a drug store Unless you want a pain.

A FELINITY.



"There goes Kitty Paddie. She has gone in for golf and painting, amateur theatricals and book writing, but she doesn't succeed in anything."
"No, even when she goes skating she falls down."

Relatively.

Maud: "Do you like Mr. Dinwiddie?"
Ethel: "Oh, yes, I like him, relatively speaking."
Maud: "Relatively speaking? What do you mean by that?"
Ethel: "You see, I promised to be a sister to him."

SHE HAD BEEN MAKING IT HOT FOR HIM.



Lightley: "Is your wife entertaining this season?"
Caudle (grimly): "No, sir. Quite the contrary."—Ally Sloper's.

Strictly Impartial.

"Mr. Singleton prides himself on being strictly impartial."
"Yes," answered the unamiable man; "I once went shooting with him. He didn't seem to care whether he hit the rabbit, the dog or one of his friends."

Thousands of Reasons.

"I really cannot see what she finds attractive about him."
"Why, there are thousands of reasons for her loving him."
"What are they?"
"Dollars."

Reasonable Enough Anyhow.

An unmarried gentleman caller was cuddling a baby which the mother intrusted to his arms with some distress. He observed that she was somewhat doubtful of his nursing capacity, and to allay her fears he said:
"Oh, I know all about babies."
"Why?" said the mother anxiously.
"Well, oh—er—you see—that is, I was once a baby myself," replied he.

A Most Expensive Luxury.

Mrs. B: "I thought I would never get away from Doctor Gilroy to-day. He talks by the hour."
Mr. B: "Is that so? And he charges by the minute."

The One Thing Needful.

Teacher: "Johnnie, if you were a man and had \$5,000 and wanted to buy a \$10,000 house, what would you need?"
Johnnie: "A rich wife."

Power of the Eye.

Blasley: "I was riding in a car this morning, and the conductor came along and looked at me as if I hadn't paid my fare."
Blasley: "What did you do?"
Blasley: "I looked at him as if I had."

When He Wanted to Call.

She: "When will you call to see papa?"
He (heavily): "I don't know. When will he be out?"

Root of of Enmity.

Quizzer: "Is he a friend of yours?"
Guyer: "No, indeed! I made him a loan last week."

THERE YOU ARE!



Features: "Good gracious, old man! what's the matter? Been investigating a motor car?"
Face: "Motor car? No, sir! This morning my wife told me to be careful not to tumble downstairs, and, by gad, sir! I'm too much of a man to be dictated to by a woman."

The Usual Contents.

Burgling Bill: "What dicker want ter swipe de loid's pocketbook fer? Dey never have no money in 'em."
Mike the Mouse: "We wife wanted some dress samples and cookin' recipes, an' dat wuz de easiest way to git 'em."

Such a Very Long One.

De Style: "That Russian General made a name for himself."
Gunbusta: "He must have been paid by the hour when making it."

If Raleigh Had Lived in the Twentieth Century.

The executioner stood over Sir Walter Raleigh with raised ax ready to strike.
"I wish we had a walking delegate in this neighborhood," said the condemned man.
"I would be able to give him \$500 to call off this strike."—New York Times.

Depended on the Neighbors.

Little Girl: "Mrs. Brown, ma wants to know if she could borrow a dozen eggs. She wants to put 'em under a hen."
Neighbor: "So you've got a hen sitting, have you? I didn't know you kept hens."
Little Girl: "No, ma'am, we don't; but Mrs. Smith's going to lend us a hen that's going to sit, and ma thought if you'd lend us some eggs we'd find a nest ourselves."—Pittsburg Press.

A Spicy War.

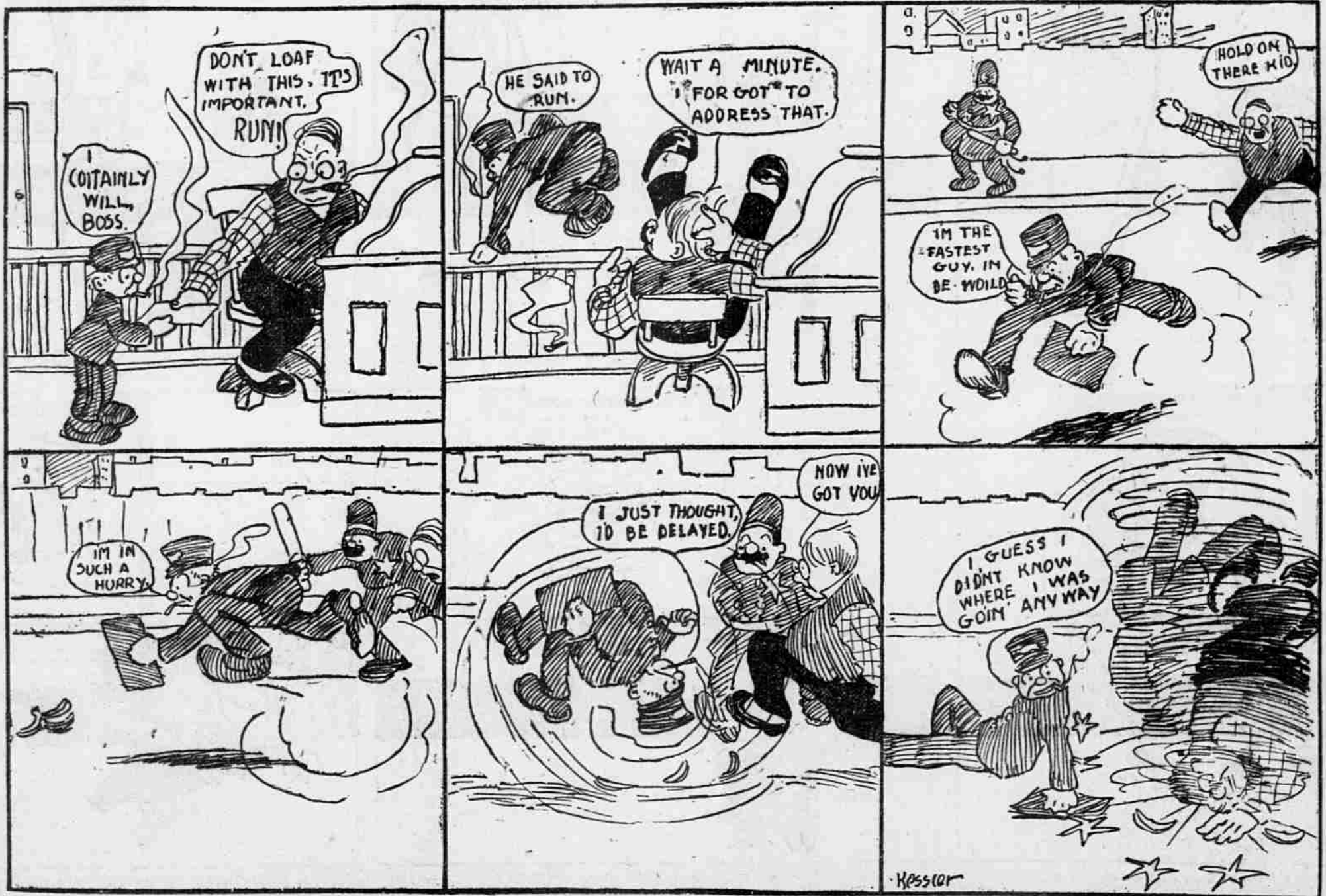
Russia's in a pickle:
She'll soon be peppered now;
Because I've heard that all the Japs
Are mustard at Chow-Chow.
—New York Times.

THE SHOPPING HABIT.



Gateman (at railroad station): "What train do you want, madam?"
Mrs. Bargain Hunter (absently): "Let me see what trains you have, please."

INDUSTRIOUS IKE AS A MESSENGER BOY.



Clubby: "How's this? I've only known you ten minutes and you want to borrow \$10!"
Cheeker: "Oh, that's all right. I never did go much on etiquette."

CONFIDENTIAL.



The Lady: "How you must suffer, my poor man!"
Sandy Pikes: "You are right, mum. It ain't no snap to hold an apple in yer mouth four hours and make believe yec have de worst kind of swollen jaw."